

SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES.

By W. C. Morrow.

In the following group of strange incidents, I relate only a few of the many extraordinary experiences of my life, and, in doing so, I make no attempt to explain them. For some, I have never found a satisfactory explanation, and for others, I have solutions, which, however, are so uncertain that I deem it unwise to introduce them. Each reader will probably amuse himself with speculations; this one will say the experiences were delusions or hallucinations; another will say they are pure fiction, the work of a story-writer. I shall not complain of these. But I do wish to say (and these are facts with which many are familiar) that I was a sickly, nervous child from infancy; that, having been reared in the South, my earliest mental development was largely the work of intelligent but highly superstitious negro women—slaves—serving as nurses and housekeepers; that they filled my keenly sensitive mind with the most dreadful stories of ghosts, witches, devils, and the like, so that my childhood was passed in terror, my youth in morbid fancies, and my manhood, down to the present time, under the control of a gloomy and almost unmanageable imagination.

In my boyhood, the most terrifying dreams would disturb my sleep; from these, I would often wake with paroxysms of screaming that my parents could not check in an hour. Somnambulism was a common experience, leading me into perilous situations, and giving concern to those charged with my safety. The slightest fever would invariably send me into delirium, when the most grotesque and horrifying hallucinations—which would require a book to describe in detail—would haunt me.

From all this, it may be judged that my temperament is abnormal, and that perhaps I have nervous peculiarities not common to the race; and that, this being so, I have certain—permit me to say—faculties which possibly give me capacity to see and hear things not seen and heard by all. In order that I might the better understand my own condition, I have made such study as I could of the human body and mind, giving much attention to obscure mental functions as analyzed and set forth by able writers; and, while I have learned little with regard to myself, I am convinced that there are extraordinary things often happening and not at all understood, and that upon the imperfect glimpses which we have of them are based those natural (and, in the case of some persons, absolutely necessary) beliefs having spiritualism, theosophy, and some others as their basis.

I shall now proceed with these short narratives.

THE ANGEL ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

One night, when I was about seven years old, I sat with my nurse beside the big, open fireplace, in the family sitting-room. My parents and the others of the household had gone to my father's study, which was in a smaller house removed a hundred yards from the "big house." I had been sleepy, but my nurse had roused me with a terrifying tale of a mother who had killed and boiled her little daughter during the husband's absence at work, and had served him the dish for his supper, when he came home that night. He asked for his little girl, and his wife said she had gone to bed; but just then an angel began to sing on the house-top. It was the spirit of the little girl. The woman went out to see, as the angel promised to drop a bag of gold to the ground; but as soon as she emerged into the garden, the angel dropped a bag of stones upon her head, and killed her. The man, hearing the sound, then went out, and a bag of gold fell at his feet.

This story had been told me by the nurse with great elaboration, and I was desperately frightened, and begged her to sit up with me till my parents should return. While we were thus sitting, there came a rap at the hall door. The nurse went to open it (I following closely), and found a stranger standing there. He wanted to see my father, and the nurse asked him to wait till she could summon him. She went away, and the man walked into the sitting-room, and he and I sat down before the big fire-place. He was pale, and his eyes were those of a fearful, hunted man. He looked at me in a manner that frightened me, but I dared not move. His shoes were dusty and his clothing torn, and I saw a dark-red stain on his hand. He saw it too, and shuddered and closed his eyes.

He had sat thus a short time, when I heard a strange voice singing, as though high in the air. It was a sweet, musical voice, and I felt, I *knew*, it was the voice of an angel. (I am writing now of what I felt *then*. I have other views of angels now.) These words—or words meaning the same thing—the angel chanted:

"He will not save you—save you—from the gallows; so run away, now—run away, now—for he is coming—coming—run away, now, and save your life." But I felt that the angel meant to slay him by dropping something from the roof.

I made a mental picture of a white-winged angel standing on the scaffolding, where some workmen that day had been making repairs on the part of the roof overhanging the front-entrance, and I wondered if it shivered in the cold wind which swept over the house, and howled, and shrieked around the corners. In a condition of helpless terror, I watched the stranger, knowing that the warning was for him. He did not seem to have heard the voice, but suddenly he rose, and, saying, "I will be back in a minute," started hastily for the door. He seemed to be anxious to get away before my father could come. He hastily threw open the door and was running down the stairs, when a piece of the scaffolding (which my father afterward explained had been wrenched loose by the wind) fell upon his head and killed him instantly. The next day, it was learned that he had committed a murder some miles away, and it is supposed that he had come to my father, who before had befriended him, to get his assistance in escaping.

THE GIGANTIC KATYDID.

In those days, I believed that cotton-tail rabbits had the power of turning themselves into griffins and devouring chil-

dren who asked for something to eat too often, and that katydids, upon some similar provocation, could suddenly become the devil's horses and bear children away to the infernal regions.

The head-woman of the house-servants was a handsome mulatto, with two children, a boy and a girl. These children had unusual privileges for slaves, and, in a large sense, were companions of my parents' children. Henry, the boy, was just of my age, and we were much together.

Late one summer afternoon we went down the lane and crossed the main road to see some young birds that we knew were in a nest near the "Big Spring." We had just time to make the trip and return for supper. We turned out of the spring path and came to a little glade. Henry stopped and seemed to be in great trouble. I asked him what the matter was, and he explained that his mother had promised him a whipping for stealing some molasses that day. I felt sorry for him, but I knew the whipping was inevitable; still, it made me feel so sad that I lost all interest in the birds, and refused to cross the glade to see them. He tried to persuade me to go, and assured me that he did not care for a little whipping; but all the heart was gone out of me, and I stood still. He went on.

I saw him cross the glade. The nest was a very short distance in the bushes beyond. Just as he disappeared in the brush, I noticed a katydid in the grass at my feet. In an instant it began to grow larger. Then it made a bound in the direction of my companion, and then another, with every leap increasing in size, until, by the time it had crossed the glade, it was a very large horse, red as blood, with a white tail terminating in a glittering barh. I was so choked with fright that I could not give my friend a warning cry. The devil's horse (for such I knew it to be) dashed into the brush, snorting and breathing smoke. It disappeared, but I distinctly heard the boy cry out; then came a crashing noise as the horse tore away through the brush, and then a dead silence.

I remembered no more. Some days had passed, when I found my mother anxiously watching over me in bed. As soon as I was strong enough, they asked me what had become of the boy. The recalling of that frightful scene sent me into wild delirium, and there was trouble to save my life. The subject was not mentioned to me again for a long time after I had recovered; but, in the meantime, I learned that from the time the boy was known to start down the lane in my company, he was never seen; and if he has been heard of to this day, I am not informed of the fact.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

While at college, in my nineteenth year, two of my classmates had a quarrel. The old spirit of chivalry was not yet dead—at least, not in the hearts of those who had been too young to serve in the war. Between my friends the challenge was passed, and a duel had to be fought.

I was fondly attached to both, and, although I had not been chosen as a second, I felt a close personal interest in the affair, and employed my efforts ineffectually to stop it. The meeting was to occur on a certain morning at sunrise. On the night preceding it, I found myself unable to sleep, so deep was the sorrow that beset me. Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, I left my bed, dressed myself, and went out for a walk.

It was in May. The wild plums were in bloom, and the clear sky was filled with the soft radiance of a full moon; and a sweeter night never was sent upon the earth. I walked for miles along the beautiful and lonely lanes, noting the hanks of Cherokee roses making ready to burst into blossom in the hedges.

But I could think clearly of nothing but duels; and out of the list which memory spread before me was one which encompassed me fully. Years ago, when I was a child, there lived with us a handsome, dashing young man—my mother's brother—whom we children idolized. In the neighborhood was another young man—his friend; and by some unhappy fatality these two untamed spirits fell apart, and a duel came of it. My uncle was the victor, for his antagonist fell, with a bullet in his heart; but what a fearful victory was that! It had been kept a secret till all was over; and then my father was bowed with shame and my mother with grief. Upon the whole community rested a dark cloud, and at the funeral many an unaccustomed tear was shed. My uncle left the country and had a strange history—but that is irrelevant here.

All the details of this terrible tragedy passed in review before me. I was thinking upon it, and grieving dumbly over it, when—

"Stop, there!" quietly and firmly commanded a voice before me.

I halted; and there, in the full light of the moon, stood the cloaked figure of a man. His attitude was menacing. His slouch-hat was drawn low down over his face, and his long cloak covered his form completely. Still, there was something in his pose and in the tone of his voice that recalled almost forgotten memories.

"What do you want?" I asked. "I have very little money, but—"

He made a gesture of scorn. "It is not money I want," he answered; "it is a duel with you."

I was not so badly frightened as I would have expected myself to be; and, not being much afraid, I had my wits at command.

"A duel?" I asked, smiling. "Men fight only after a quarrel and to avenge an insult. I am not aware that there has been any trouble between you and me."

"Not directly," he replied; "but remotely there has been."

"Explain yourself."

"Eleven years ago, your uncle killed me in a duel. I want satisfaction from you for that."

The substance of the challenge was so absurd that I could only laugh, and then give vent to a little raillery.

"It seems to me," I said, "that my uncle himself would be the proper person to challenge."

(His answer to this I must decline to print. It is sufficient to say that it was satisfactory explanation of my antagonist's

course in declining to challenge him. It was clear enough that I was the only male relative of my uncle who could stand in his place in this particular emergency.)

Strange to say, I regarded the affair as serious. Even though the stranger might not be the ghost of the dead man (and I did not believe he was), but was taking this way to frighten me, and perhaps have some sport out of me for the amusement of companions he might have in hiding close at hand, I felt that in any event I must fight him. A spirit of recklessness came upon me, and yet the absurdity of it all was apparent.

"I am willing to fight you," I said; "but you must reflect that a duel with pistols can not be fought without seconds."

"I am so well aware of the fact," he replied, with a smile, "that I have brought swords." Upon that, he produced from underneath his cloak a bag, from which protruded two sword-handles.

All difficulties being cleared away, he slipped the bag from the weapons and exposed two beautiful rapiers. It so happened that I was something of an expert in the handling of this weapon, for from the foil to the rapier is an easy step.

Before accepting one of the proffered weapons, I threw off my coat and my antagonist dropped his cloak. Then a very strange spectacle fell upon my vision; for whereas the man had been all black before, he was white now, and a faint luminosity was emitted from him. We threw aside our hats, and there, in the full moonlight, I recognized him distinctly as the man whom my uncle had killed eleven years ago, grown not a day older, but youthful and virile, and yet unearthly of aspect, but apparently ponderable. For a moment, I was helpless with dismay, and my sword-arm hung limp. He went upon guard, and waited for me to do the same. I delayed—I think it was fear that took the nerve from my arm.

"Guard," he cried, impatiently, "or I'll kill you!" With that, he made a straight and vicious thrust at my breast. A quick retreat saved me. Realizing that my life was certainly in the issue, my old cunning returned, and, before he could recover to send home another lunge, I was on guard and had his rapier aloft. With that one touch, the devil awoke in me, and the spirit of desperate combat worked in my veins. And what a splendid weapon I felt was in my hand! Never had I handled steel so lithe and responsive, and never was music sweeter than that I heard when our blades, flashing in the moonlight, slipped upon each other and rang upon the guards. We stood thus a moment; then he made a furious onslaught, doubtless intended to turn my nerve; but I was ready for him, and, after a few passes, during which I had been solely upon the defensive, I discovered that I had a serious advantage in skill.

In other words, unless an accident should happen, I held my man's life on the point of my rapier; but I did not want to kill him, nor even hurt him; so I called for a parley, and begged him to stop the silly encounter. He shook his head, and a malignant light shone in his eyes.

"But I am the more expert; I can kill you," I protested. "Guard, you!" he cried, as his weapon came up.

I was ready for him; and, seeing that he was determined to have my life if he could, I went in to wing him. He was furious, and I was cool. He gave me an opening, and I ran my rapier through his jugular. I saw the point of my weapon enter his neck; but imagine my dismay when I felt no resistance at all, and had drawn out a blade as bright as ever! What could I think? He paid no attention, and yet I knew that I could not have been mistaken. But, though much confused, I determined to carry the contest to the end. We had hot and close fighting. Soon I had another opening, and ran him clear through the body.

Again I felt no resistance; again I drew out an unstained blade. What would any one have felt in so extraordinary a situation? I gasped and staggered back, dismayed and terrified. He came upon me furiously; the next moment I felt his rapier in my side. A hindness and a sickness assailed me. The moon swung across the sky and turned black, and darkness and obliteration overcame all my faculties.

When next I knew anything, I was lying in the shade of a tree at midday. The weather was far too hot for spring. The place was strange to me. I remembered the duel, and put my hand to my side. There was neither pain nor soreness. Then I discovered that there was no puncture in my shirt, and, what puzzled me more, I saw that the clothes which I wore were entirely unfamiliar to me. I got to my feet, feeling weak; but I went along a road, which was near, until I met a horseman. In reply to my questions, he made it clear that I was at least two hundred miles distant from the spot on which the duel had been fought, and that two months had passed since that strange event. Confused and ashamed, I went from the road and examined my side, and there I found an ugly scar, such only as a rapier could have made, and it was still red from recent healing. This scar is in my body now. Upon returning to my family (the college session having closed long since), I was welcomed as one returned from the grave, for the whole country had been searched for me. Afterward, I myself made a long and tedious search for some clew to my whereabouts during those blank weeks, but nothing whatever could I find, and there I was compelled to let the matter rest.

MY INVISIBLE PARTNER.

Upon arriving at legal age, I found myself reduced, by a sudden disastrous turn of fortune, from the possession of a comfortable property to absolute poverty. I was in a strange city, had no friends within a thousand miles, and was almost without a dollar. My despair was great; for although, by reason of a fair education, I was competent to earn a livelihood in divers capacities, I felt helpless, and knew the difficulties which beset a young man unaccustomed to make his way.

I walked the streets for many hours, trying to work out some plan with which to meet the emergency; but, finally worn out with worry and physical fatigue, I went to my room, flung myself across my bed, and soon was in a heavy slumber. Late the next morning I awoke with a painful headache. While engaged in hating my head, I heard a faint

sound behind me, and, on looking around, I saw that a letter had been slipped under the door. I picked up the letter, tore it open, and was astonished to see with what incredible patience it had been compiled. It was made (as others have been) by cutting letters out of a newspaper and pasting them upon a sheet of paper, in proper order to make words and sentences. The letter ran as follows:

"I am pained to learn of your trouble, but I am glad of an opportunity to be of service to you. I do not consider it advisable to explain my interest in you, nor even to reveal my identity at present; and, lest this caution should have the effect of creating doubt in your mind as to the worthiness of my motives, I propose a plan which, if you will put it into operation, will convince you of the fidelity of my purpose and the confidence which I have in your integrity and ability. If you will go to-night, after dark, to the north-east corner of" (here were mentioned the names of two streets) "you will find an opening leading from the gutter into the sewer. Run your hand into the opening ten inches and you will find a package. Withdraw it, place it in your pocket, go to your room, lock the door, and open the parcel. Say nothing to any one at all about the matter, and wait for further news from me."

This peculiar letter disturbed and excited me. To have written it must have consumed a number of hours—possibly nearly as many as covered the time in which I had known of my poverty. But who could have known of my misfortune, and who could have taken an interest in me?

I instantly decided to follow the directions given, for the affair did not have the form of sport, and I could not afford to let pass any opportunity that might relieve the pressure of my necessities.

I was fairly familiar with the place to which the letter directed me, and so after dark I sought it, found the opening without difficulty, extracted a soft-feeling package, hurried to my room, and found myself in possession of bank-notes of the National Treasury at Washington, aggregating fifty thousand dollars.

This seemed so large a fortune that it is a small matter of wonder that I was elated beyond the limit of reasonable self-control; but, despite my elation, I realized that I had no immediate use for money, as my luggage was good for a few days more of credit; accordingly, I concealed the money, and awaited instructions from my unknown benefactor.

These came the next day, written as was the first letter: I was to consider the giver of the money as my partner, with a half-interest in the business which I was directed to undertake—namely, the publication of a weekly paper; all the details of the management of which were left to me. Now, it so happened that this was the very enterprise upon which I had set my heart; so, without delay, I made the necessary arrangements, employing a staff of bright writers and engaging a printing house to do the mechanical work. Believing that my backer was a person who knew something of my capacity as a writer, and that he would be satisfied with any arrangements I might make, I went forward with perfect unconcern, and, in a few days, I issued the first number. I am proud to say that the news-companies found a quick sale for all the copies I issued, and that the future appeared bright.

The trouble began with the second issue. Certain things appeared in the columns which I should have considered scandalous. At the same time, I saw that they had been written by a master hand, far exceeding my small capacity. They were paragraphs attacking certain persons and movements which then were taking much popular attention, and they were written in sharp prose and excruciatingly witty rhyme. The second number of the paper was sold immediately, and my printers had to keep their presses active a whole day to supply the extra demand.

I supposed that some one had played a trick upon the foreman of the printing-office; hence I demanded that he show me the "copy" of the extraordinary paragraphs. He went to the "dead-hook" and turned out all the manuscripts. Then I saw that all these bright but scandalous paragraphs were in my own handwriting! It was useless for me to protest to the foreman that he had been imposed upon. "You wrote these and turned them in yourself," he said. How could I deny it?

But trouble came from the publication of the second issue, as I knew it would. People came around who wanted to thrash or kill me, and some exercise of caution was needed to keep myself whole.

The next week even more startling paragraphs appeared, and I had a hard task to keep clear of a number of serious personal encounters. I made it a rule with the foreman that he print nothing that had not my private stamp. He promised to obey this instruction; but try to imagine my dismay when the succeeding issue was worse than the others! It was small comfort to me that the sales and advertisements already had given a large profit to the undertaking; the policy of the paper was altogether distasteful to me; and when I had assured myself that all the objectionable paragraphs carried my private stamp, besides bearing the appearance of having been written by me, it is not difficult to imagine that I was angry and resentful; for it was clear that, by some means which I could not understand, some one was imposing on me, and I could think of no one in that relation except the unknown benefactor.

It might have been that the financial success of the undertaking would have made me contented with the uncomfortable features of the partnership, had not a number of unreasonable tasks been imposed upon me. Among these, was a direction from my partner (conveyed in a pasted letter) to go to the water-front and stand upon a certain pile for half an hour. I simply ignored orders so ridiculous; but I always had reason to repent of it; for in the next issue of my paper there would appear certain things which pointed directly to me in a most scandalous manner, and by many who knew me, were taken as confessions. It was useless for me to expostulate with the foreman or undertake to read all the proofs—in spite of all that, these things, apparently written by me and bearing my private mark, appeared on the "dead-hook."

I next tried the plan of denying, over my signature, the authorship of the objectionable paragraphs; but this only made matters worse; for beside them appeared paragraphs which not only burlesqued them but stated the matter in exactly contrary terms, undoing all that I had tried to accom-

plish, and making matters infinitely worse. It was useless for me to resort to the expedient of standing over the stone while the forms were being made up; certainly a spell was upon me, for although the foreman (an honest man) would point out certain things that might make trouble, I was unable to see the harm of them until the paper appeared on the street.

After many (and a few successful) attempts to balk the policy of my strange backer, I abandoned the task; but by this time the paper had been running for two years and had earned a small fortune. My indebtedness to my partner, therefore, had become unnecessary, and I was anxious to buy his interest; but, strange as it may appear, in all this time I had not learned his address, and had not the least idea of the proper way to summon him; all the letters had been from him to me—none from me to him; and he often had written that it would be useless to make any attempt to reach him by letter or otherwise, and that the only business that could possibly arise from my side of the partnership was to take care of the profits until he should make a demand for his share. It can readily be understood that I was in a condition of great exasperation; so I published a paragraph in the paper, informing my partner (in terms that only he could understand) that I was so utterly miserable and dissatisfied that I was determined to abandon the enterprise, sacrifice all that had been earned (together with the large sum he had invested), and let the property go to the dogs; or, as an alternative, I would repay him his investment, turn over to him his share of the profits, and continue the publication on my own account.

I took this extreme measure only after long deliberation, and after having suffered untold agony from the extraordinary conduct of my partner. In reality, he had controlled the policy of the paper; and, although I am willing to confess that much of the prosperity of the concern was due to his extraordinary daring, excruciating wit, and sharp understanding of current affairs, all the disagreeable results had fallen upon me alone; various personal encounters, wholly repugnant to my nature, had ensued, with the outcome not only of broken bones to me, but also of incidents concerning the mental quiet of women and children dependent upon certain citizens for a livelihood; and, besides all that, several times I nearly had been sent to the insane asylum.

This announcement had a prompt issue, for my partner must have realized that I was desperately in earnest. Therefore, I received a letter from him (written as had been the others) accepting the situation, apologizing humbly for the personal inconvenience to which I had been put, declaring that only his original investment would be accepted, and appointing a time and place of meeting for the purpose of settling the business and allowing me to proceed alone with the publication of the paper. The tone of the letter was so gentle (and even sorrowful and pathetic), that it disarmed me.

My nerve never failed me when I read when and where I was to meet my partner—namely, in a certain upper back room of a tall house which recently had been nearly destroyed by fire—I to be there exactly at midnight.

I had never seen my partner; I was to meet him now; but it was stipulated that I should not attempt to discover his identity. I was simply to place fifty thousand dollars in bank-notes in an outstretched hand in the dark, in the back room of the fourth story of a house, and then retire.

This was a test of nerve; and so I went to the rendezvous without a weapon—without even a match. With the package of money in my pocket, I clambered up the littered stairs and found the room. The closed door was blistered and blackened. I pushed it open and found that it had been kept shut by the original spring placed for that purpose. I stepped within; the door closed noisily, and I found myself in a room of good size, with a window opening upon a rear court. The lower sash was raised, but all the glass had been broken out by the firemen. In one corner, very dimly seen in the faint, refracted light of the electric lamps in the street below, was a badly damaged Japanese screen. The room otherwise was empty, though a nervous person might have seen forms in the irregular blotches on the fire-blackened walls. In an instant I felt that my partner stood behind the screen.

"I have what you asked me to bring," I said; "will you step forward and take it?"

In spite of the loud beating of my heart, I heard a faint rustle behind the screen. Then a white hand was thrust out at the side, and fingers were snapped. I took the parcel out of my pocket and advanced closer, and was just ready to place it in the outstretched palm, when a wave of recollections overwhelmed me; I thought of my distress a long time ago, of the unknown friend who had saved me from God knows what disaster, of the splendid gift of money, and all that. The tenderness of the moment made me forget all that I had suffered—I now wanted to see and speak to my invisible partner, and have a human, manly understanding with him. Perhaps everything might be arranged to suit us both.

"I have the package," said I; "but, as a matter of reasonable precaution, I must be satisfied that you are the one to whom it belongs."

For reply there was only an impatient movement of the hand—which, I imagined, was much smaller than a man's ought to be.

"I have a right to ask an acquaintance," said I. "Step forth, if you are not afraid, and we shall become friends."

There was not a sound in reply, except the impatient snapping of the fingers and an eager outreaching for the money. "Do you refuse to reveal yourself?" I asked.

The movement of the hand was more impatient than ever, but no word came.

Acting upon a sudden impulse, I did a very rash thing—first, I placed the parcel in the outstretched hand; then I threw the screen aside, and found a crouching, cloaked figure before me. I took a step forward and seized my partner. Upon that there came forth a frightful scream—*unmistakably a woman's*. Once I saw a man crushed in an elevator; at another time I saw a woman mangled by a cable-car; long before that I witnessed the disemboweling of a file of men by

a bursting shell in battle; and I have seen people overtaken by other frightful calamities. Very often there comes from them a cry that one who has heard it never forgets; it is different from that of ordinary suffering—it is a cry that means terror, and despair, and death. But the one that filled the room when I seized my partner was immeasurably wilder, and shriller, and more terrifying than any I had ever heard before—it was a cry, a wail, and a shriek; and although I knew that I held a woman in my grasp, that frightful scream wholly paralyzed my arms. The hooded figure slipped from my nerveless hands, sprang to the window, leaped out into the area, and, with a swishing sound, shot down to the stone-floor far below, falling with a heavy, crushing sound that stopped the beating of my heart.

As soon as I could recover myself, I ran from the building down to the street. A restaurant that I knew of had a rear opening into the court. I rushed wildly through it, calling to the people there: "Help me; a woman has fallen from the top-floor into the area!"

All excited, they followed me; but when we had brought a light and made a careful search of the whole place, we could find no trace of any one, and even the package of money was never discovered.

I have only to add that I did not hear again from my invisible partner, and that my paper quickly declined, and in two months had suspended publication.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1891.

OLD FAVORITES.

Swift and the Mohawks.

(In one of his letters to Stella, dated from Harley Street, Swift speaks with angry disgust of the nightly outrages then perpetrated in London by bands of dissolute revelers, who assumed the Indian name of Mohawks, to express their wildness and ferocity. From what we can gather about them, from stray passages in the *Spectator* and elsewhere, it would appear that the Mohawks were in the habit of slitting the noses of poor servant-maids, and inclosing bewildered old citizens, on their way home from their tavern-dinner, in prickly circles of sword-points, besides breaking windows with showers of halberds, ill-treading old watchmen, pulling down shop-signs, and doing other wanton and selfish mischief. In the following hallad, they are confronted with Swift.)

A black scud through Temple Bar
Comes at the midnight chime,
Just as above the silencing roofs
The moon begins to climb.
There is something stern about the place,
And sad about the time.
The black arch rises like Death's door,
For rebels' heads are there:
The moonshine, now a silver crown,
Rests upon each in the air,
So bright that you can see their eyes
Upon the clear stars stare.
A grim man sits in the sedan
That skirts St. Clement's tower
As high aloft an angel's voice
Is meting out the hour;
And on the street the moonbeams broad
Meridian brightness shower.
Fast down the Strand the Mohawks come,
With clash of shivering glass;
With bristling swords and flaming links,
That let no watchman pass;
A yellow gown upon a pole
Leads on the drunken mass.
With hurrying cries of "Scour!" and "Scour!"
The revelers rush on;
Red smoky whirls of drifting flame
Light faces woebegone—
Such faces only night can show,
Day never on them shone.
"Down with the country parson's chair!"
The drunken Mohawks shout;
"Unearth, old fox! no preaching now
Will save your bacon—out!"
Or we'll slit your nose, and float your chair
Down stream—now, sir, come out!"
The jostled chairmen's trembling hands
Put down the black sedan;
Then out at once—wild heat from cage—
Strides forth a black-browed man,
Who pushes back the line of swords,
And faces all that clan.
Plain, homely, in a rusty gown—
Some village priest, no more—
And yet a lion, and at bay,
He daunted all the score;
As, all unarmed, the stern man stood,
Backward the foremost bore.
Begone!" he cried, "you swaggering rogues,
You fools and knaves by fit;
Who let bad wine creep up and steal
Your poor besotted wits;
E'en now for you the bangman works,
And chain to collar waits!"
Back to your garrets and your dens,
Your dice and greasy cards;
Back, lazy prentices and thieves,
Back to your Bridewell wards!
Go to the hospitals, and pine
With Blood Bowl Alley's hordes,
For ye the madhouse cries and gapes,
For ye the gibbet creaks;
Go, join the highwayman, and kill
The miser when he squeaks;
Or cower around the glass-house when
The penthouse shelter leaks.
You brood of apes, and dogs, and swine!
Back to your kennels—go!"
(Each bitter word that grim man spoke
Fell like a bruising blow)
"Spawn of the serpent, to your holes!
He calls you from below!"
Those wine-flushed faces pale to see
The sternness of that face;
The banners droop, the tankards sink,
The cowering links give place;
The stuttering mouths, the vacant eyes
Look sober for a space.
The wildest shrinks before that gaze,
Nor dares to brave that eye;
Then, one by one, like snow in thaw,
Melts all that company;
The swords are sheathed, the lights go out.
Flushed is their tipsy gleam
"To Harley Street!" Swift cried, and passed,
Humming a biting rhyme;
The moon, just now eclipsed, had ceased,
To soar, and soaring climb.
There was something stern about the man,
And sad about the time.

—Walter Thornbury.

Statesman Ingalls has been elected president of the Atchafalaya Chamber of Commerce.